

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY.

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Ten Weeks, Ten Cents.—*UNITY* will be sent to any address not now on our list ten weeks for ten cents. Subscribers are requested to show this offer to their friends. Postoffice mission workers may order as many extra copies as they can use at this rate.

Editorial.

THERE never is a time when the price of life is not living. Those who stay on earth are not necessarily alive.

ALAS for the girl who has "finished her studies." Still worse for the man or woman who thinks his salvation is complete.

Too many people now-a-days keep so well posted on the topics of the day that they fall hopelessly behind the "spirit of the age."

Is it not well to seek such reading as contains the tingle of prophecy, the sparkle of reform. There is no danger but we will be stupid enough and timid enough. Nature sees to it that the conservative emphasis is sufficiently strong everywhere.

We call the attention of the members of the Women's Unitarian Association, lately disbanded, to the report of the last meeting of the directors of the W. W. U. C. in "Notes from the Field," and the action there taken every member of the old association, wishing to join the new should send her membership fee of \$1.00 to the Women's Conference, if not already paid, together with her choice of officers; voting for those nominated by the Board, or expressing a different choice

if she so desires. All returns should be sent in to Miss Florence Hilton within two weeks. We shall have a further word to say on this new work in some future number.

HE who has a religious conviction should let the paper that represents that conviction, come to his home as a silent missionary, pleading for co-operation in noble enterprises, bearing the broader fellowship of an unseen brotherhood. The name of such a paper should be a household word, and the face that of a fireside companion.

THE wise man shows his wisdom in separation, in gradation, and his scale of creatures and merit is as wide as nature. The foolish have no range in their scale, but suppose every man is as every other, what is not good they call the worst, and what is not hateful they call the best.—*Emerson*.

IN our notice last week of Responsive Services, Unity Mission No 13, we were in error in accrediting the eighth service to Mr. Salter. The work of the entire series is Rev. J. R. Eppinger's, who merely made some extracts from Mr. Salter's writings in this particular service. The price of the tract is 5, not 8 cents.

REV. DR. SKINNER, of Chicago, takes exceptions to Phillips Brooks's view of the fatherhood of God. He thinks the essential sonship of the whole human race a conception both new and false in theology. "If the world (he says) is the household and family of God, it is the most extensively unfilial, disobedient, rebellious, parent-hating, marvellously ill-brought-up family that can be conceived of." "Such a family!" He thinks this view is repugnant to all respectable society.

WE like frank disapproval better than timid and half-hearted approval. "Believing that you are not advocating the truth, and that a righteous judgment awaits you," a Canadian subscriber writes to request us to stop sending him *UNITY*. We obey, of course. Though we cannot admit that we are not advocating the truth, we entirely agree with him that whatever judgment is to overtake us in the future, it must in the very necessity of things be a "righteous" one, whether it be of the kind that pleases us or not.

THE meeting of the "General Convention of the New Jerusalem in the United States of America," in New Church Temple, (L. P. Mercer,) pastor, last week, leads us to reflect, as we have before, on the disparity between the real measure of Swedenborg's influence, and the progress of the denominational movement which bears his name. Whatever we may think of his limitations, both as a man and thinker, Swedenborg will always remain one of the great illuminative and inspirational forces of the world's history. Few thoughtful and growing minds, especially among those making their way from orthodoxy to a more liberal faith, have escaped his influence, or hesitate to acknowledge a grateful debt to him. Swedenborg's influence on Emerson was almost as marked as Plato's. We class the three minds together for their common qualities of spiritual insight and power. In the purity of their lives, zealous devotion and the spirit of love, the Swedenborgians do their leader the greatest credit; yet of Swedenborg himself, it may be said, as of every great religious leader, that he lives less through the allegiance of those who

bear his name, than through the general diffusion of certain broad principles of truth and justice, which, we are coming to see, are less the result of special revelation, meant to benefit a chosen few, than the product of universal intelligence. Swedenborg is a name that will always be honored, but the particular *ism* bearing his name is, like every other, even the Unitarian *ism*, a fading and failing cause.

THE religion of love and reason is one that bids us cherish the good we have in our present state of existence, make the most and highest of what we have here, and not spend our time in wasteful speculations about the possible glories of a possible heaven to come. When Father Taylor was once sick unto death, his nurse tried to comfort him by telling him he would be with the angels soon. "What do I care about angels," said the blunt old man, "I want to be with folks."

WE bestow much unnecessary pity on those brave, far-seeing souls, who, in pursuit of some great idea, forego worldly honor and success. We should rather bestow our pity on those who, through ignorance or cowardice, fail to recognize a hero when they see him; the people who can live in daily contact with true merit, genius even, yet ignore or overlook it. As for the high souls thus neglected, they have their reward. Lydia Maria Child gave up a career of social brilliancy and triumph to join the anti-slavery cause; but, concerning the supposed losses she incurred, she wrote to Samuel J. May that she was only a gainer, "for though the respectables who had condescended to patronize me forthwith sent me to Coventry, anti-slavery introduced me to the ablest and best of the land, intellectually, morally, and knit us together in that firm friendship which grows out of sympathy with an unpopular cause."

THE question of opening the World's Fair on Sunday is already in agitation. A few Sundays ago Rev. David Utter of the First Unitarian church made this the subject of a morning discourse, opposing, on excellent and reasonable grounds, which readers of *Unity* will readily agree with the closing of the great exhibition on Sunday, the only day of the week when large numbers of men and women, engaged in trade and business, are free to attend. Opposition to this movement was pretty sure to be developed on the part of the orthodox pulpit, which is becoming noted for the unintelligent and illiberal stand it has taken on the Sunday question. This time the first one to speak is Rev. P. S. Henson of the First Baptist church, using the old-time arguments of the Sabbatharian, and speaking, as usual, entirely from the point of view of the orthodox Christian; assuming that the National Government is under obligation to uphold the religious opinions of a single portion of the community in matters of this kind. Is it not time men like Mr. Henson and his co-laborers tried to get a little outside themselves and their particular religious party or clique, in the discussion of matters governmental policy?

THE injunction, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," will reach its highest interpretation when we learn to apply it to the moral and spiritual necessities of men. The sentiment of brotherly love naturally manifests itself first on the plane of man's material needs. We must feed the hungry and clothe the

naked, but the day is not so far distant when these physical requirements will be met. Yet will the need of brotherly care and love, each to each, remain, and men will own the obligation to mutual service on a higher plane. We shall then teach our neighbor's right to live justly and holily, as now we teach his right to have an equal share of bread. His crime and wrongdoing will then be ours as now his rags and hunger are. After the emulation which seeks perfect material conditions for all alike, comes the emulation for the high and noble life of the spirit. Already we have entered on it.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN THE CHURCHES.

A public library is the seed of the true socialism that must prevail. Here the mites of the many yield abundant privileges to each. The trifling tax on the individual puts within reach of that individual the advantages secured by the entire tax. As the mental needs of man become more intelligible and better recognized, these supply-stations for souls will become more numerous, and in their multiplication less imposing. Availability should be secured, even at the cost of completeness. Chicago is receiving just now many congratulations on account of its library privileges, present and prospective; but even when its three great libraries reach their maximum of availability, how far short will they fall of being able to furnish the "daily strength for daily needs" to the hundreds of thousands souls that live on its crowded streets. When the book is recognized to be an essential, as much as the flour barrel, then the depots of supplies will be largely multiplied. The whole city could not do its marketing at three great provision marts.

The Newberrys and the Crerars are necessarily scarce. Few have the money to leave magnificent bequests to found great libraries, and fewer still have the mind and the heart to do it. What then can we do? Why not utilize existing institutions? The churches are the natural "plants" upon which to base these people's libraries. The land and buildings are already there. The organizations to take such trusts in charge, with ready helpers to administer largely without expense, could be developed readily. We need only the books and the open spirit. A few thousand volumes in the church parlor, with a simple reading-room accessory, open for consultation and circulation every afternoon and evening, would make that church an intellectual center to the community in which it is planted. Twenty-five libraries of two thousand volumes each are worth more for circulating purposes than one library of fifty thousand volumes. Five thousand dollars entrusted to any church wisely administered, would plant such a library. Here is a chance for memorial bequests more valuable than stained-glass windows or high spires. Will not our prosperous people think of this, and in life, or in death, establish such free libraries in the churches they love; thus perpetuating their own name, or that of some beloved one, in a way that will make the world more fragrant with thought, more fertile in ideas. This can not be done while the churches are regarded primarily as representatives of certain "isms," schools of dogma; but when they are looked upon as training schools of character, guardians of public intelligence, the library will become an indispensable factor.

THE MORMONS.

Now that the dissolution of the Mormon church and confiscation of its property has been confirmed by the U. S. Supreme Court, we ought to begin to show a more kindly feeling toward the people thus punished. Whatever their faults, we should not forget their many merits, which all observers admit. They are a most industrious and temperate people, very peaceful and orderly citizens when let alone. Statistics have shown for many years that the usual offenses against public order have been at least ten times more frequent among the Gentile population of Utah than among the Mormon; and that to have extinguished the Mormons, as some of the papers and pulpits have advised, would have simply increased the percentage of ordinary crimes ten-fold. These are things which we should not forget while proclaiming the Mormon faults. It is certain that these faults, reported as they have been by enemies, have been grossly exaggerated. More than forty years ago J. G. Whittier said the charges against the Mormons in Missouri and Illinois are, "in the main, destitute of foundation; I place no dependence upon them." The same might be said of many of the charges since. They have come from prejudiced observers, often from unprincipled enemies, and the Mormon side of the story has been seldom heard. Richard F. Burton, the noted English scholar and traveler, probably the most capable and unprejudiced writer that has yet studied Mormon life, declared that the many accounts of it by anti-Mormons and apostates are "venomous" and "thoroughly untrustworthy." He exposed the errors of several of the popular books, and said that "Fifteen Years Among the Mormons," though from so respectable a publisher as Scribner, showed an "exceeding untruthfulness," with its circumstantial story of murders that never took place, and of the Danites' murder of Col. Bridger, who, however, was alive and well two years after the book was published. Mr. Burton said that the much read "Sights and Scenes among the Mormons," contained so many of the most absurd mistakes, as to show that its author had not been among them at all. Her famous "Female Life among the Mormons" was pronounced by both him and M. Remy as "a tissue of lies and absurdities." The correspondent of the London *Telegraph* has since visited Utah, with the common prejudices against the Mormons, but was quite cured of it by a careful study of them, he tells us in his "Sinners and Saints." And it is only a few years since Mr. Barclay of the British Parliament, told us in the *Nineteenth Century*, how he went among the Mormons with the same prejudices, but was forced by his observations to conclude that they are "the subjects of a greater amount of misrepresentation and unjust abuse than any other community with which I am acquainted." In short, the more fully and fairly one reads about the Mormons, the more he is impressed with the feeling that they have probably been lied about more than any other people in the country.

Not indeed that they have been free from disloyalty, or that we should excuse them for it. But we should also remember how much they have endured to make them disloyal. They were driven from Missouri with mobbings and many murders, and from Nauvoo with outrages, for which Helen Hunt says "Illinois should blush to her latest day." They then made that tragic march to Great Salt Lake, beyond the territory of the United States, hoping to be thus free from further molestation; and it was very natural that they should afterward resent Gentile invasion of the land they there redeemed from the wilderness, and Gentile interference in the city they there created. Even the national interference with polygamy, though proper from our standpoint, could not but seem unjust and impious from theirs. How exas-

perating must have been the condition, pictured not long since in the *North American Review*, when a former mayor of the city was kept from the polls for having had two wives, although one of them was dead; while the keeper of a bagnio, with all her followers, was allowed to register and vote as fully respectable. And granting that the Edmunds law is just, its administration has still been so partial as to be pronounced, by so eminent and venerable a jurist as George Ticknor Curtis, "a disgrace to the jurisprudence of the United States," since it was made to punish Mormons alone, and let the worst Gentile libertines go free. Mr. Curtis says, "this abominable construction" was naturally regarded with horror and indignation by these Mormons, among whom prostitution was unknown until the Gentiles came. So much cause have these people for their disloyal sentiments.

It was of course right for us to guard against their disloyalty, but we should remember what has caused it. It was natural and proper that we should oppose their polygamy, though wisdom knows that it could be opposed more effectually by the indirect forces of civilization, than by soldiers, or sheriffs, or laws. And however opposing it, we should remember that the Mormons were sincere in their retention of it, and were a good deal more consistent than Christians who praise Abraham for his religious faith and Solomon for his wisdom, and urge us to follow the pious example of these ancient polygamists, to shoot the Mormons because they do follow it. And we should remember that virtual polygamy still flourishes in our own divorce system. Among our nearly 400,000 divorces of the last twenty years, how many were sought only in order to take another wife, often with a wrong to the first wife that would have shocked a Mormon. Indeed, if one is going to take another wife, it would seem far more moral to continue to take care of the former one in the Mormon way, than to turn her off by divorce. And we should remember that something worse than polygamy still flourishes in all our cities, in the social wrongs that send so many impoverished girls without a husband's protection, to a life crueler than Mormon wives know. Even Canon Taylor, of the English Church, had the courage to say not long ago, that the "polygamy in Moslem lands is infinitely less degrading to women than the promiscuous polyandry which is the curse of Christian cities, and which is absolutely unknown in Islam;" which, we might add, was unknown in Utah until Christians carried it there.

H. M. S.

COMMENCEMENT AT MEADVILLE.

The commencement exercises at the Meadville Theological School took place on Wednesday and Thursday, June 4th and 5th. The days were as fair as June's rarest, and the tree-crowned hills never were more beautiful. On Wednesday morning the chapel service, as always at the close of the year and the parting of the ways, was one of special interest. It was made the more tender this morning by the double leave-taking—that of the graduating class, and also of the venerable and beloved Dr. Livermore, who presided, and who, with this commencement, closed his quarter-century connection with the school, as its president. The members of the outgoing class had each his word to say, whether of tender memory or of courageous hope. The singing, as also at the Library meeting in the afternoon, showed the training and care given to this matter in the school the past year by Mr. Joseph Shippen. The service lasted for an hour and a half, and was a real fellowship meeting.

The trustees of the school met in the office of Mr. Alfred Huidekoper at nine o'clock. Reports were heard, and the interests of the school considered. It is to be hoped that the Board meeting hereafter will be called at a later

hour of the morning, so as not to interfere with attendance at the chapel service. In the afternoon the new Library building was dedicated in a pleasant and informal way. It is a very neat, two-story structure of pressed brick, with trimmings of yellowish sandstone, situated on the drive-way a little below the main hall. Besides the library and ample reading-rooms it contains three admirable class-rooms, furnished with benches and black-boards. Care has been taken in the ventilation. Mr. Tilden, of Boston, was the architect, son of Rev. W. P. Tilden; and into the walls has gone the love of both father and son. At four o'clock the reading-room was filled with interested friends, overflowing into the Library proper and the entrance hall. Dr. Livermore presided. Mr. Arthur C. Huidekoper made the principal address of the occasion, wherein he playfully referred to some of his earlier memories of the school, much to the mirth of his audience. Prof. Carey responded in behalf of the faculty, saying at the close that the new structure was to bear the name of "Huidekoper Hall"—a statement received with hearty endorsement from all present. Mr. Hosmer, of Cleveland, Mr. Forbush, Mr. Slicer, Secretary Reynolds, who had come on from Boston, and Dr. Townsend of Pittsburgh, also spoke in response to the President's call. Mr. Forbush was senior graduate among the *alumni* present, and pleasantly recalled his remaining behind in his summer vacation when a student, to transfer the library from its then down-town quarters to the new quarters in the main hall.

In the evening Mr. Slicer, who had come down between his first two Sundays in his new Buffalo pulpit, gave the sermon before the graduating class, a strong and earnest word on the realities of faith and the spiritual life, from the text, "We also believe, and therefore also we speak." Mr. Reynolds led in prayer. The church was beautifully decorated, the work of the junior students and the young ladies of the congregation. The meadows and gardens had been brought under tribute. A pleasant reception in the adjacent parlors followed the interesting services in the church.

The graduating exercises of Thursday morning included the following essays: The Relation of Ethics to Religion, by Thomas E. Allen; The Service of Poetry to Religion, by John B. Barnhill; The Heart of Religion, by Frederick Gill; The Relation of the Study of Theology to the Service of Man, by Herman Haugerud; Revision of the Presbyterian Standards, by Thos. J. Horner; Giordano Bruno and the Papacy, by Carl G. Horst; The Office of Music in Public Worship, by Arthur W. Littlefield; Religion and Astronomy, by Joel H. Metcalf; The Priest, the Prophet and the Preacher, by Frank W. Pratt; Herbert Spencer and the Creed of Science, by Elvin J. Prescott. President Livermore, at the close of the essays, gave the diplomas in a few affectionate words. The essays showed throughout earnestness of thought and purpose, and gave promise of growing power and good service in the future. It was a real pleasure to welcome into the field of work these ten fresh and earnest young men, gathered from New England on the east, and as far west as Illinois, with also one representative each from Canada, Norway, and Germany. Two original hymns were upon the programme, one by Dr. Thomas Hill, beginning

"Oh, all-surrounding Spirit of our God," and the following, by Dr. Livermore, sung to the tune of "St. Thomas:"

Rise at the call, my heart,
Hear my dear Master's voice,
Forth to his vineyard bear thy part
And in his work rejoice.
Once toiled He here below,
Sat weary by the well,
The fatal hill climbed, faint and slow,
And 'neath his burden fell.
Catch then, my soul, his zeal,
Follow his high command;

His Johns and Pauls heard the appeal
And preached to every land.

That mighty task to do
He gives his children still;
The harvest vast, the laborers few,
Pray Heaven the ranks to fill.

F. L. H.

MEN AND THINGS.

AN exchange accounts for Barnum's belief in the faith of Universalism on the supposition that he believes happiness, like the greatest show on earth, should be within the reach of all.

THE American Bible Society reports that during the last eight years a quarter of a million families have been found without a copy of the bible; and that three hundred thousand refused it as a gift.

AND still they come. The last Browning Memorial put in print is that of the Syracuse Browning club the memorial exercises of Oct. 28th, 1882. An excellent paper by C. D. B. Mills closes the contents.

WE cannot too highly commend the action of the London Evangelist, Mr. Spurgeon, who, having a fortune left him by an admiring parishioner, and finding the natural heirs left penniless, promptly restored it to them.

THE German and Dutch Reformed churches have formed a federation, not affecting methods of church government, but to secure harmonious action in mission work, in publications and new institutions of learning.

MRS. ALICE FREEMAN PALMER, speaking of the higher education for girls, says: "The question is not what shall we do with the girls until they are twenty-five, but how shall we make them stronger and richer when they are sixty?"

WE are told there is an unusual growth in numbers just now among the Quakers, greater than for the past one hundred and fifty years. This may be taken as one sign more of the growth of the religion of the spirit above that of form.

THERE is to be a Buddhist Congress in Paris, with delegates from every part of the world. Buddhism, under the lead of modern theosophy, is coming to number converts in every land. It is said Richard Wagner was a Buddhist.

EVEN *The Advance*, (Congregationalist) while not disposed to think the Western Unitarian Conference of as great importance to the interests of religion as the Baptist convention, says it "was evidently a highly enjoyable and interesting occasion."

A MOVEMENT is on foot in western New York to raise a sum of money for Pere Hyacinth, who has been living in an obscure quarter in Paris, and in very straitened circumstances for years. The work is in charge of one of the Episcopal bishops of the state.

THE legend as to the origin of women is different with different nations. Not more than four nations accept the legend that she was made from a man's rib. The Japanese believe that she grew on a tree, the Laplanders that she was once a rabbit, the Persians that she fell from the heavens and the Australians that she was first a toadstool.

CARDINAL Edward Manning is one of the most striking figures in English society. By birth and education, an aristocrat, and a conservative in politics, he has joined the ranks of the Gladstonians, and is an earnest advocate of the rights of the poorer classes. He is now 82 years old, and lately celebrated the 25th anniversary of his archiepiscopate.

A RECENT visitor at Sorosis says that if one might judge from the talk going on during lunch hour, most of the members are followers of Robert Collyer and Edward Everett Hale. They seem to have been brought up on New England Unitarianism, showing differing degrees of intelligence however, as when one lady was overheard speaking of Mr. Savage as "a promising young man."

A CONTEMPORARY thinks our system of pulpit candidating is bad enough, but that England has a worse one. He cites the case of a vacant parish, which having listened to eighty-nine candidates, selected six therefrom, allotting a Sunday to each for further trial. The final choice, when made, will be by a system of voting that gives the richest parishioners six times as many votes as the poorest.

The Christian Leader, speaking of the summer vacation, says that "the judgment of the best minds appears to be settling on the opinion that churches should not be altogether closed at any time of the year, that pastors should have a season of rest; but that some arrangement should be made to have their churches open for at least one service on Sunday. The derangement and dissatisfaction incident to a closed church and an absent pastor, have emphasized themselves on all sides."

WHAT a position of consequence, balanced by many petty humiliations, was that of the old-time rural clergyman, still to be found in remote localities. One in which a beggarly salary was eked out by the annual donation; where the minister was looked up to as a religious guide and comforter, and at the same time made the victim of a patronizing charity, all the more galling that it could never be recognized in its true character. Thanks to the progress of modern ideas the minister is coming to be regarded a man among men, neither to be flattered or cheated out of his own and the community's just expectations.

Contributed and Selected.

A RECOGNITION.

Science I loved, yet, doubting her, I said,
"I will seek Truth, look in her face divine,
And ask, 'Knows't thou this Science? Is she
friend of thine?'"

And by her words be led.

Long sought I then in straight and open ways,
'Mong wise men, fools, for Truth's ennobling
face.

At last her form before me I espied,
Her face averted, but "Tis Truth!" all cried;
With rev'rent hand I touched the form benign,
My pulses stirring as tho' warmed by wine;
She turned, gazed sadly on me, and, forsooth,
The face of Science was the face of Truth!

ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

FROM THEODORE PARKER'S GRAVE.

The following letter from Mr. Sanborn was crowded out of the Parker memorial number to our regret, but it is of a character to interest our readers at any time.—EDS.

Finding myself in the beautiful city of Tuscany, where Parker died and was buried thirty years ago, I have made a pilgrimage to his grave in the green and blossoming Protestant cemetery, a mile or two from the Arno; where also lie buried that willful old poet, Landor, Elizabeth Barrett, the gifted wife of Browning, and Arthur Clough, the English scholar, whose gracious life has been so well portrayed in verse by Matthew Arnold. Theodore Parker lies in an honored and frequented grave on the northeastern side of this little cemetery, under cypress trees that are clothed about their trunks with green-growing ivy, and under which the rose and the violet do not refuse to blossom. He would have chosen a grave among the Lexington hills, where he was born; but if he was to be buried in Europe at all, this city of Dante of Savonarola, and of Galileo, now at last a free republic, and part of a constitutional kingdom, fast tending to democracy—this city of Florence, is the most fitting place for his grave. Dante, in a moment of anger, described himself as "Florentine by birth, but not in character." Parker might with equal truth be called a Florentine in character, though not by birth; for he had the free spirit, the intellectual vigor and the proud independence of the noblest children of Florence.

It was my good fortune as a young man to know Parker well, and to be somewhat intimately acquainted with his observations on Italy in the last year of his life, and his regrets for the condition in which she was in 1859. Rome garrisoned by a French army, protecting an unpopular Pope, and the rest of central and southern Italy tyrannized over by foreign princes, while Venice was still held by the robber hand of Austria! Now all this is happily changed. "Three things," said the old Italian historian of Raphael's time, Guicciardini, "Three things I desire to see before I die; but I doubt if I see any of them, even though I should last a long time. One is, to live in a well-governed city; then Italy freed from all foreign control; and finally, the world liberated from the tyranny of these rascally priests." These things he never did see; and when Parker entered Italy for the second time in 1859, he found much the same evil that had been seen at his first visit in 1843-4, and that Guicciardini complained of three centuries earlier. "I know nobody to whom the ambition, avarice and luxury of priest is more odious than they are to me," said the old Italian. "Every one of those vices is hateful in itself; and then each and all are very little becoming to men whose life is professedly devoted to God. Besides, they are vices so inconsistent that they cannot unite in one person, unless he is a very strange creature." Yet Italy was groaning under these ecclesiastical vices when Parker left Rome to die at Florence in May, 1860. He had lifted up his dying voice against them, as in the strength of his youth and manhood he had preached and prayed against them. Even on his death-bed, his life-long prayer began to be granted; for in that very May, Garibaldi, with his thousand heroes in Sicily, overthrew the Bour-

bons, then following up his victory, drove them out of Naples, and thereby accomplished what Guicciardini had hoped Luther might do; "if not the downfall, at least, to clip the wings of this ugly tyranny of the priesthood." The Bourbons driven out, Italy united, and the Pope's temporal power taken away! The three things for which Parker and Guicciardini hoped, all have come at last. The foreigners no longer rule in this land; its cities are well governed by their own citizens, and the world is pretty well freed from priestly oppression.

Indeed, I am not sure but Parker, were he now alive, would take the side of the church a little, against the materialism, nihilism and pessimism that are now so rebellious against all religion. He fought these tendencies in America; he preached against them when they hypocritically claimed to be Christian virtues, and controlled so many of the churches; and now, in the downfall of the old order, his loyal and conservative soul would impel him to the aid of that true religion, which has always found a home in the Christian church, even in the period of its worst vices; and is now found there, I believe more than ever. A few years ago, an Italian liberal, visiting a hospital where sisters of charity were devoting their lives to the care of wretched invalids, said to one of them:

"Why are you here, my sister?"
"Because I believed I was called of God."

"But this life is terrible; do you never dream of a life like other women's?"

"To feel that you have done your duty brings a deep and lasting joy, and hinders all regret."

"But may it not be that you are sustained by a feeling of pride or vanity?"

"Very true; there is danger of that, and I question myself sometimes. But if I only obey God and my vocation, what room is there for pride?"

"What do they tell you of the king of Italy? That he is the enemy of the Pope?"

"No, we have never heard that. We pray for the king and for the Holy Father."

This conversation, which M. De Saveleye of Belgium reports, discloses a pure and earnest religious sentiment, very common in the Catholic church, and very needful to the welfare of Italy and of the world at present. This sentiment lays emphasis on duties more than on rights, and then serves to counteract the extreme and selfish individualism of communities, from which the yoke of authority has been suddenly removed. We must wish for more of it in America, where it is, perhaps less needed than here; because our country has longer and more naturally enjoyed political and religious freedom, and our people feel more warmly than those of Europe, the tie that binds us one to another. It was this philanthropic and religious tie which Parker always sought to strengthen; and for this, among other things, we revere his memory.

F. B. SANBORN.

PANACEA.

The wise, terse, general answer "to a single-tax enthusiast" (on your first page for May 10th,) commands my approval fully. Although not a student of Henry George's treatises, I have read a number of articles in favor of his scheme, and I heard him speak at length and answer questions when he was here lately on his way to Australia—yet am not converted.

I do see, however, in the single-tax movement a timely and wholesome rebellion against the rule of land-grabbers and dog-in-the-manger extortioners, who live as parasites on useful workers. In its present shape it may be (*is*, I think) extravagant; but it shows a healthy reaction from submission to injustice and abuse. So, too, in Gen. Stanford's plan for government loans to farmers, we may discern a growing sense of what is due the honest producer, and a disposition to

give him his due, as against the speculators and sharpers who live by their "wits" and others' labors.

There is need of middlemen; there is legitimate sphere for financiers; but hosts of men who pose as "merchants" or "bankers" are merely smoother robbers than the burglar or the road-agent, the wolves of our present civilization.

No! while I see in the outbreak of each specialist's crusade a token that we are still alive, and are groping and growing toward the measure of the statue of the fulness of divine manhood, I have no faith in the efficacy of any "single social theory or nostrum, to serve as a universal specific for the cure of human ills and ignorance." I believe in no panacea short of a universal "conversion," if you please, of the individual children of men to the service of the Most High, in themselves and one another, which will come through the general recognition of the truth that we, the children of men, *are* the children of the Most High. N. E. B.

THE IDEAL AND THE NATURAL.

James Russell Lowell's words to Mrs. Stowe on the ideal and the natural deserve pondering by many an author. "May I, a critic by profession, say the truth to a woman of genius? Yes? And never be forgiven? I shall try, and try to be forgiven too. In the first place, pay no regard to the advice of anybody. In the second place, pay a great deal to mine! A Kilkenny-cat-tish style of advice? Not at all. My advice is to follow your own instincts, to stick to nature, and to avoid what people commonly call the 'Ideal,' for that, and beauty, and pathos, and success, all lie in the simply natural. We all preach it, from Wordsworth down, and we all, from Wordsworth down, don't practice it. Don't I feel it every day in this weary editorial mill of mine, that there are ten thousand people who can write 'ideal' things, for one who can see, and feel, and reproduce nature and character? Ten thousand did I say? Nay, ten million. What made Shakespeare so great? Nothing but eyes and—faith in them. The same is true of Thackeray. I see nowhere more often than in authors the truth that men love their opposites. Dickens insists upon being tragic, and makes shipwreck."—*The Literary World*.

The Study Table.

Liberal Living Upon Narrow Means. By Christine Terhune Herrick. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A book for all housekeepers, but especially for the inexperienced. Not only for each month are the dinners for a consecutive week given, but the menus are invariable because of the simplicity and easy preparation. There are many hints on table decoration, tasteful serving and preparation of tempting viands for the sick, and the little book fairly abounds in recipes that utilize "left over scraps" and teach one to manufacture appetizing dishes therefrom. The book commends itself to young housekeepers because it tells not only *how* but *how long*, for want of which very knowledge many a dinner has been spoiled. One agrees with the author in claiming that "a wholesome variety" may be secured "without a large expenditure of time or money."

Cæsar's Column. A story of the twentieth century. By Edmund Boisgilbert, M. D. Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co. \$1.25.

This is not a pleasing book, but in many respects it is a noble one. Starting on the hypothesis that the causes which are now operating to multiply wealth and degrade the poor are to continue in their process without hindrance, the author traces the logical outcome. The final revolution which he depicts has all the horrors of 1793, intensified by the use of modern implements of destruction. The painful realism of the story may be guessed from the fact that the "Column," which gives the book its name, was composed of the bodies of the pluto-

crats and their followers who were killed on the great day of battle.

The author of this book is not by any means an advocate of violence. His object is to show what must be the consequence of a few more generations of money rule, and he pleads, to quote the closing words of his preface, "for higher and nobler thoughts in the souls of men; for wider love and ampler charity in their hearts; for a renewal of the bond of brotherhood between the classes; for a reign of justice on earth that shall obliterate the cruel hates and passions which now divide the world."

The Merry Chanter. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: The Century Co. Paper. 50 cents.

This is one of the author's characteristic tales, told in his usual vein of whimsical extravagance, yet holding the reader's attention from first to last by its pleasing oddities. The plot is simply impossible, the incidents described in the story the most unlikely in the world, and the characters of the same *naïve* and taking type Mr. Stockton excels in portraying. There is no writer exactly like him. He forms a school by himself, dealing always in the manifestly absurd and unreal, yet covering it with a human grace and tenderness that make his books always delightful, if never very profitable reading.

The Sunday School Helper—Young Days. Sunday School Association, London, England.

These are bound volumes of monthly publications for the year 1889. The "Helper" is a magazine devoted to Sunday-school interests, and is full of suggestive material for this work. Its stories and lessons, articles on history and the natural sciences; its "Notes and Comments," and occasional song-service number, make it a most valuable book, not only for teachers but for parents. "Young Days" is rich in stories and pictures for the younger children.

A NEW series is "The National Churches," under the editorship of the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, which will be published by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., in about fourteen volumes. Its object is to lay before English readers continuous histories of the several churches of Christendom, from their foundation to the present day. The first volume, to appear in October, will be *Germany*, by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. Other volumes that have been arranged for are: *Russia*, by Canon Rawlinson; *Spain*, by Canon Meyrick; *America*, by the Bishop of Delaware; *Scandinavia*, by Dr. Maclear; and *Ireland*, by the Rev. T. Olden.—*The Literary World*.

ONE of the fullest and neatest arguments for "The Educational Value of Manual Training," has just been published in a pamphlet of 95 pages, by D. C. Heath & Co. of Boston. The principal paper is by Prof. C. M. Woodward of St. Louis, and it seems to us to meet successfully the doubts sometimes raised at this new principle in education.

A SAMPLE copy of *The Forum Extra* is on our table, containing Helen E. Starrett's article on "The House-keeping of the Future," and Julia Ward Howe's essay on "Men, Women and Money."

A NEW life of Browning is to appear in the Great Writers' Series, the work of William Sharp.

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Church Door Pulpit.

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES—PUBLISHED BY ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.

"The best laid schemes o' mice an'men,
Gang aft a-gley."

The poets are the true Bible-makers. To them it is given to see things as they are, to state realities. Whoever puts on record a truth adds a text to the scripture of the race, be he Hebrew or Saxon, ancient or modern. Such a text I find in the lines quoted above. Like all Scripture texts, it is fertile in sermons. Simple, rustic, familiar though it be, it travels inward and touches the springs of being. Never did bird or flower suggest to oriental seer profounder truths, or tenderer lessons, than did the little mouse to Robert Burns, as he turned up her winter home with his November plough. Let us attend to some of the sermon-material offered by my text and context.

This poem first wins us by the sympathy there is in it with our poorer relations. Here is the true poetic touch, that enlarges human sympathy until it includes the woes and joys of all animated creatures. The poet-heart here anticipates the slow but sure steps of modern science, which recognizes the unity that runs through all things, and the law of life that binds all beings together; one dominion, one communion, uniting not only peasant and king, but also mouse and man.

"Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!"

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union;
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortals!"

Once we catch sight of this law of unity, and feel the warm embrace of the divinely impartial providence which is implied in the word universe, all our reluctance to confess kinship with mouse or monkey falls off, and we gladly acknowledge with Robert Burns that to each and all of them we are

"Their poor earth-born companions
And fellow mortals."

But nearer than this insistence of science, and rhapsody of the poet which establishes a brotherhood between man and mouse by the demonstration of law, our text appeals to the argument of experience; the stern, everyday logic of life that makes us kindred by virtue of common mishaps, pains and disappointments.

"Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen!"

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozies here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble.
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleetly dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain;
The best laid schemes o' mice an'men,
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promised joy."

Yes,

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men,
Gang aft a-gley."

This is a truth which perhaps, the preacher may be slow to acknowledge, but one which experience is prompt to enforce. Let the pulpit frankly confess the truth that the street enforces. There are rude forces in the world, which, like the cruel "coulter" of Robert Burns, go crashing through the cells, wherein are laid human hopes and aspirations, the possibilities of

many human joys. The lightning hurls its thunderbolts indiscriminately, the volcano belches forth her deadly vomit, whelming Lisbons with their thousands of lives without warning, and the earthquake cracks the foundations of cities, with awful disregard of the lives rendered shelterless thereby; the drought brings want and suffering to the settlers in Dakota, and the air of Russia is loaded with a pestilence which it carries around the globe, scattering disease and death with as lavish a hand as the spring days scatter flowers upon the earth. There is a cold that will freeze man, there is a heat that will scorch him, and both are controlled by the sun which is far beyond the reach of human interference. There are snakes that will poison man, mosquitos that torture him. Nature is not always hospitable. How often must man find the home that has cost him "mony a weary nibble," but "a heap o' lea'es an' stibble," the freak of the winds.

Indeed the larger reading of science tells us that there are fearful clashes of tremendous forces sometimes witnessed in the fields of space. Planets collide, comets are swayed from their paths and shoot in reckless tangents on missions of destruction. The parallaxes of heavenly bodies are changed perhaps in the twinkling of an eye, bringing the tremendous changes incident to such revolutions. Not only in these large ways are there interferences making "foresight vain;" but the everyday incidents and petty experiences prove that the life of man, like that of a mouse, is subject to grievous interruptions, to unexpected and painful disappointments. Emerson says: "Nature is no sentimentalist, does not cosset or pamper us; we see that the world is rough and surly and will not mind drowning a man or woman, but swallows your ship like a grain of dust."

Believers in special providences, in an irregular administration of the universe, like to tell of miraculous interferences which have saved men and things to high uses. A mother's tears keep the lad Washington in his room, after his trunk has been packed for the sea, and thus saves him for America. An unstamped letter prevents the unregenerate young man, Horace Bushnell, from going West, thus saving him for the Christian ministry. Some unexpected interference made the father late for the train and he thus escaped the collision. But this is a narrow and one-sided interpretation of Providence. There is a Providence that compels the good boys who wanted to stay at home to go to sea, in order to make a living. We must not forget the young men who did stamp their letters, and did go West, and worked in ignorance and died in penury, although they had minds capable of culture. A hundred fathers were on time and did get aboard the train that was ditched. Preachers like to tell of the boy who started to run away from home, but to whose ears the evening bells seemed to say

"Turn again Whittington,
Turn again Whittington,
Twice lord-mayor of London."

This is well; but they ought also to tell of the companion that started with him, who heard no such promise from the bell, who did not turn back and who never became lord-mayor of London. The farmer sows a goodly tilled field, but the chinch-bugs or grasshoppers eat it up, or the prolonged drought burns up his well cultivated corn. The reaped harvests sprout in the fields from continuous rains, picnic plans are set at defiance by unlooked-for storms, and well-matured schemes are broken into by *La Grippe*. For rest, nature brings fatigue; instead of smiles, we get tears; instead of triumphs, come disappointments. Truly "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley."

So you see this homely Scotch text opens up into the ever old yet ever new perplexity of evil. Whence comes it? Why is it? How cure it? Without attempting the profounder problems

of metaphysics let us keep near the surface, close to experience and perhaps we may find something that may help us in our practice, though it may not fit well into our philosophies, or round itself out into a theory.

First, let me venture to suggest two or three false readings of this problem, and then perhaps we may gather a few inferences. This pulpit is in the habit of warning you of the sin of holding God accountable for that which man may remedy; we must not blame the Almighty for what we ourselves have done, or expect him to move the engine whose lever he has placed in our hands. But this is not the whole truth. We may go to the other extreme and blame man for that which the Almighty is accountable. We must not hold our finite plans responsible for the interference of the Infinite. I can conceive of nothing meaner or harder for the poor, unfortunate mouse to bear than when the neighboring mice in that Scotch wheatfield hasten from their undisturbed homes and gather around this

"Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
setting up a perfect din of "There, I told you so!" "You might have known better than to have put your house there!" O, preaching mice, be quiet. It will need but a few more rounds of the ploughman's team

"Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
Out through thy cell."

'Twas bad enough for the poor man to be struck by lightning without a moment's warning, as is the habit of lightning, but it was worse yet to have his tonguesome wife belabor him with the "Why didn't you sit on the other side of the room? You might have known the lightning would strike there." Friends, however explained, it is hard enough to endure these majestic interferences of the elemental forces in matter and in spirit; but it is still harder to endure human chidings for the transactions of the Infinite to be held morally accountable for results brought about by far-reaching causes stretching beyond the outermost reach of human control. The part hardest to accept in the dogma of total depravity is not the primitive story of the apple and the temptation, but that modern man should be held morally responsible for a piece of business in which he had no hand. The greatest difficulty with the Jonah story is not with the size of the fish's throat, or of a three days survival in close quarters; but that this renegade from duty should have anything to do with the storm that beat upon the Mediterranean. So I say if there is any blame in regard to the ruin of this mouse's house, it belongs to the ploughman and not to the mouse; if there was any sin committed in Eden it was Adam's not mine; let him be held responsible. If the north winds were severe on the Mediterranean, it seems to me that accountability rests with him who presides over the chambers whence they came, rather than with poor Jonah, who was too weak to control the tempests of fear within his own breast, much less the forces of nature about him.

Again that must be a false reading of this mystery that leads to peevishness or petulance. Let not the fact that the coulter has disturbed the mouse's house lead us, as Emerson says, "to continually bark at the bad and never chant the beauty of the good." This arises from the great mistake of putting personal meaning into universal principles, of hanging special interpretation on universal laws. This is the height of egotism; it is conceit run wild. Despondency generally springs from pride. It is self-conceit coming to a head, like a boil. It is as if the poor mousie sat upon the ruins of her home, pleading for sympathy in some such fashion as this.

"There is no use of *my* trying; everything and everybody is against me. I am pure-minded and simple-hearted, but that horrid ploughman went and had that awful instrument of torture made on purpose for *me*, he tempered it in

hot fires, pounded it with heavy hammers, gathered his horses from the moor that they might drag it all the way across the field, in order to plough up *my* little home." "Alas; how many there are who go on two feet whose philosophy of life is little better than this conceit of the mouse. They go about crying, because *they* are the special objects of contempt on the part of the universe, everybody is down on *them* and everything is against *them*. Now there is a skepticism based upon general principles, that is dignified and devout compared with this petty infidelity, based on special grievances. Friend, however you interpret the methods of the universe, one thing is certainly true. It is sublimely impartial. If God sends the welcome rain on the just and the unjust, so does he as certainly send the unwelcome rain. A ship loaded with Bibles goes down in the face of the storm, just as quick as the same ship would, under like circumstances, if it were loaded with brandy. Water will drown missionaries as readily as tyrants, Malaria will attack orthodox and heterodox alike. Whatever nature is after, we may be perfectly sure she pursues her aim with such intensity that she takes no time to ask the name, nation or belief of those to whom she administers, either with her right or her left hand. To her Unitarian and Catholic, men and mice, come in for impartial treatment. Listen to Emerson again, "Tis only weak and vicious people who cast the blame on fate; let man hold his purpose as with the tug of gravitation. He ought to compare advantageously with a river, an oak or a mountain; he shall have not less the flow, the expansion and the resistance of these." If this is true, the only philosophy worth a penny to the mouse is that which would at once set her at work on another house to seek winter quarters elsewhere. Not without, but in spite of opposition is triumph won; not by drifting, but by rowing is the harbor gained. The active forces of God are the dominant ones. Resistance is not only the demand, but it is the privilege of life. Life is not measured by its prolongation, but by its power of resistance; by that which it overcomes. An ounce of living force is better than a ton of dead matter. There is life enough in an acorn to open a crevice in the mountain side. The mouse may escape the ploughman's coulter and win through the winter yet if it persists. Stick to it, mousie! Stick to it, man!

Then these are the corrections to the popular interpretation and the practical readings of disappointments. Do not place blame where it does not belong. Do not become a querulous fault-finder because of misfortunes. Do not say to the mouse, "I told you so," after it has happened, when you were not one whit wiser than mousie before it happened. Do not grow peevish in life's battle though disappointments pile mountain high. Do not lose your patience or expect mankind to use energies in fighting your battles, which ought to be spent in fighting the battles of progress.

Now we may turn and see if we cannot read directly some encouraging and reconciling lessons from our text. Whatever may be the ultimate meaning of these tempestuous forces, and the final outcome of this battle among the elements, physical and spiritual,—there are certain incidental blessings along the way of which we may be very sure. There are certain advantages accruing to the soul that spring out of its disappointments, as flowers grow out of the mud, or birds rise from the broken shell.

To begin with the outward. Our disappointments add the spice of variety to our lives. Who would wish to continue ever in the uneventful monotony of uninterrupted good fortune. A life without its disappointments would be a day without night. It would carry with it the intolerable qualities of an endless summer. Who would live forever in the undisturbed "wee bit heap

o' leaves an' stibble," that constitutes the mouse-like house which we have reared for ourselves? Who would care to live in the land where it "seems always afternoon?" Sunlight, music and kisses are delightful as desserts, but tiresome, as the unalterable diet of the living soul. To a spiritual nature, I suspect a seething variety in the caverns of hell does not seem so dreadful a doom as the unvarying and unending monotony of a life in heaven, where the soul is to sit ever in crystal galleries, playing on golden harps and singing psalms endlessly. Some fourteen or fifteen years ago there was exhibited in this city an automatic wonder called "Bergemann's Dream." The *Scientific American* at the time pronounced it one of the most wonderful pieces of mechanism ever put on exhibition. It was claimed that it sprung from the dream of a curious German, who spent seventeen years of diligent labor in embodying it in the model. It was a scene on the bank of the Hudson, a perpendicular section of a steep hillside. It showed the happy old burgomaster setting in his office on the height reading the news. His good wife was spinning flax in the next room. To the rear a saw-mill was in full motion, the log moving back and forth, the woodsman wielding his ax; ox-sleds were bringing logs from the forest; below was a grist-mill, the elevator at work carrying up the grain. On the road leading around the point was the countryman with his grist, and women with market baskets on their heads. Boys were seen lazily riding on awkward mules. There was a glimpse into the village smithy, with its ringing anvil; a mimic lake on which mimic lovers rowed in a mimic boat. Deeper in the mountain side was a miner with his pick digging out the coal. In a neighboring glen an amateur lecturer was rehearsing his speech. Now this whole thing was run by water, and the mechanism was so perfect that the exhibitor claimed it had been running eight years, and not a member of the community had been crippled. But here is where the pantomime failed. The imitation did not imitate. It was altogether too perfect. In life the traces of the harness do break. Mills do get out of order and laborers tire, get mangled and die. Nature's lakes are not an eternal calm. It is a poor lake that does not drown a man at least once every eight years. This artificial community was so arranged that if any thing was out of order, a bell was rung to alarm the manager; but nature seldom takes such precautions. She rushes her consequences unannounced upon the heads of whatever unexpectant, and even innocent laggards get in the way. No wonder that Bergeman, the perpetrator of such a flat piece of mechanism, landed, according to the exhibitor, in the insane asylum. Nature resented such unprofitable parody. She despises all monotones.

Give us then the rain as well as the sun, let poverty rush in where riches were expected. Let death and birth follow each other, and let us bear the disappointments incident to such an order; or, if you prefer it, disorder, for through these disappointments we catch glimpses of the deeper and ultimate solution of this dark problem of evil. O, mousie, your home was lost, but the field was tilled. O field, thy grain may have been blasted, but the poets grain was garnered. The rain may disturb a picnic, but it saves a harvest. Nay, the harvest may be eaten by the pests but the husbandman will remain. Nay, he may grow despondent, his over-strained nerves may sicken, his body droop and die, but mankind moves onward. He remains a small but helpful link in that endless chain of being beyond our telling or comprehension.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole, Whose body nature is, and God the soul, That, changed through all, and yet in all the same, Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze, Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,

Lives through all life, extends through all extent, Spreads undivided, operates unspent; Cease then, nor order, imperfection name. Our proper bliss depends on what we blame. All nature is but art, unknown to thee; All chance, direction, which thou canst not see; All discord, harmony not understood; All partial evil, universal good; And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite One truth is e'er, whatever is, is right."

To state affirmatively, what I have already implied negatively, these disappointments in life bring us again the spiritual grace of humility; they keep the soul "from climbing the heights so high that it finds itself halfway down the steps of Hell," as Tennyson puts it. It is good for us to run our heads against the iron bars sometimes, so that we may learn the lessons of limitation, which we would learn in no other way. Unhampered serenity and unhindered "success," in the poor human way we use that word, would make any one so exceedingly disagreeable that no one would care to live with him. As it is, the wings of the spirit, often sore and torn by the crags they knock against, are not only made stronger, but the spirit itself more tender. Even in this self-reliant American life we are often hindered by those who demand of us some special tribute of deference, some mark of respect or honor, which if we fail to give, they go wounded and grieved, because they "are neglected," somebody has "hurt their feelings," "given them the cold shoulder." Well, what of it? None the less should all such go about life's business. God hurts your feelings and mine every day, and it is doubtless good for us. What we call Providence, often snubs us most unmercifully. Let us be thankful for such treatment, if thereby we are made more willing to bow to the inevitable, to say "Father, not my will but thine be done." If in the severest strains of life we are better able to rise to the disinterestedness that will accept the bitterest challenge of fate, to say "if this cup may not pass lest I drink it,"

"Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!

Be our joy three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never
grudge the throe!"

These disappointments of life come not without blessings, if they introduce reverently into all our plans and prospects, that which the old-fashioned circuit-rider was wont to introduce into his announcements when I was a boy: "Two weeks from to-day there will be divine service held in this place again, *no preventing Providence*." It is these "preventing providences" that save us from the stiff-neckedness which would fain compel the universe to do our bidding; which would defy the clouds, and undertake to make weather by the vote of an executive committee. Poor Burton, the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholly," had cast his horoscope, and saw in the stars the date of his death. When the date arrived, finding no other way of verifying his predictions, he slipped the noose around his own neck and hanged himself, in order that his plans might not be frustrated and the programme interfered with. But he need not have been so sensitive. When God interferes, it is no disgrace, either to mice or men, if their plans do "Gang-a-gley."

But there is still another grace which the disappointments of life bring. When Michel Angelo, as a young man was on the eve of his art career, a great cloud arose and overshadowed all his prospects. Cardinal Ippolito, the generous patron of art and artists, in whom Angelo's highest hopes centered, was taken away. But the young artist wrote: "He being dead, I began to understand that the promises of this world are for the most part mere phantoms, and that to confide in one's self and become something of worth and value is the best and safest course." Is it not possible that these disappointments in some way

teach us to "confide in ourselves," by throwing us back on internal verities? Confide in yourself, and you are a success, little mousie, even though the ploughman goes tearing through your house every day. Confide in yourself, and you can, as Carlyle says, "manufacture your own climate." These external interferences compel us to go below, to take account of stock and see what there is left in the hold of the ship, find out what cargo we have aboard for the ports of eternity. William Hunt, in his talks on art, says that "Millett was the greatest man in Europe, the first man since the Bible who expressed things in a biblical way." Yet that man had accomplished most of his life's work before Mr. Hunt was able to hand him the first hundred-dollar bill he had ever owned in his life, from an American purchaser. Rothschild's cook was one of the first men who bought one of Millett's pictures. Circumstances were hard on Millett, but he trusted himself the more, and after awhile the wealth of the Rothschilds courted his pictures. Disappointments drove Millet inward. What cared he for the world? His friend Hunt shielded his drawings from the blind critics, saying, "I would not let them see them, their dry eyes would burn holes right through them."

"Was it not great? did he not throw on God, (He loves the burthen)
God's task to make the heavenly period
Perfect the earthen?"

* * * * *
He ventured neck or nothing heaven's success
Found, or earth's failure;
"Wilt thou trust death or not," he answered,
"Yes."
"Hence with life's pale lure!
That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it;
This high man with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundreds soon hit;
This high man aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.
That, has the world here—should he need the
next,
Let the world mind him!
This throws himself on God, and unperplexed
seeking shall find him.

Add to Variety, Submission and Self-reliance, the still higher gift of Discipline and you come still nearer the heart of the mystery. The blessedness of disappointment, the glory of passing through a world that is not always wrapped in sunshine. These rough coulters of the great Ploughman that go crashing through our cosy cells, bring ingenuity of hand, alertness of intellect, and equanimity of spirit. I will not say, with the member from the Mohawk district in the New York legislature, "that rivers were made to feed canals;" but it is obvious that the persistent refusal of the rivers to go anywhere except through the valleys, did evolve from the brain and hand of man that artificial river that will go where he wishes it. It was the heavy current which o'er powered the oarsman's arm that induced Fulton to find a way to hitch steam to the oar. The provoking limitations of the human eye brought the supplemental microscope on the one hand, and the telescope on the other. The rain-storm developed the umbrella. The extreme cold in winter taught man to stow away in his basement a sufficient quantity of summer to carry him through, and the blistering heat of July has taught men to peddle winter through our street through the summer for a penny a pound. Where nature is most hospitable, there man is most barbarous. Where his life is least taxed there lurks the pestilence, the serpent and the tiger. Were Providence always kind, as we blindly use the word, man would always be a child. Adam, ever in Edeu, would never be more than a big baby. If the Genesis story were true, I for one, would be glad that he indulged in the apple, for it gave his posterity a chance to know something and to be somebody. Looking at things in this light, we venture to say that if the development of soul is not the end of this conflict, it still is one of the results of it; and so however unhappy it may

make the mouse we still say "speed the plough" because we hold that

better men should perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze
like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distant beckons. Forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin forever down
the ringing groves of change.

Thro' the shadows of the globe we sweep
into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle
of Cathay.

Mother-Age, (for mine I knew not,) help
me as when life begun:
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash
the lightnings, weigh the Sun—
I see the crecent promise of my spirit
hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro'
all my fancy yet.

How shall we sum up the whole matter? What shall we say of this plough-riven life of ours, these coulter-mangled plans of the human soul? First let us face it all. Confess it. Ours is often times a harder fate than the mousie's. Let us accept the groan of the poet, which is the burden of the sensitive heart always. Hard as the fate of the mouse is, it is not so hard as the fate of the Robert Burns in the human soul.

"Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, Och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward though I canna see,
I guess an' fear.

And then, in the second place, let us accept it, welcome it with shouts of thanksgiving and praise, because this very furrowing of life is what brings us variety, submission, self-reliance, discipline, and that much-more, I cannot name and do not understand, which culminates in character and progress; that divine failure here which means eternal life there. Will I cease to rejoice that a brave father bore me, when a babe, into the wild woods of territorial Wisconsin, that there he might help, literally, to hew a "highway through the wilderness," to "prepare a way for civilization," although by so doing my frame was filled as full of malaria as Prospero filled the skin of Caliban, with "pinches from toe to crown?" Shall I regret that it was given me to take a humble hand in that mighty struggle with the powers of evil, that were the powers of slavery, which we call "The War of the Rebellion," even though the heart was strained and the vitals pinched in the trenches of Vicksburg and the lagoons of Louisiana, so that the valves sometimes wheeze, and life may halt this side of the allotted three score and ten? What is life for, but to be given for such ends as these.

One of the most dramatic and spiritually significant points in the history of the 19th century is that scene at Unyanyembe, where David Livingstone bids farewell to his rescuer Stanley in the interior of Africa. Well had the young man plied the arguments of safety, expedience and comfort to the veteran explorer. "You have already achieved undying fame. You are growing old and have earned rest. England, Friends and family yearn for you, give them the privilege of making your old age serene and happy. You are already sick and worn out; go home with me." Think not that the heart of David Livingstone was dead to such appeal; but the mystery of the dark continent was unsolved, and Livingstone's work was unfinished. He said, "No, send me men and stores from the coast, I will stay and try again." So they parted, the young man "looking back now and then to see the old man in gray clothes, with bended head and slow steps, returning to his awful solitudes." For eight long months he waited for the men and the supplies which Stanley promised, and when they came he started on that heroic march of eight months. Much of the time the brave old leader was too sick to stand. He was carried upon the shoulders of his faithful blacks. But he was still moving towards the mystery. There was no thought of returning. But one

morning the faithful servant looked into the rude shelter and found the brave leader on his knees by his cot, dead. What triumphal march, so magnificent in its spiritual significance, as that of the faithful heathen, the naked blacks, who bore the dead body of the "great white man" through bogs and jungles, over mountain and through streams, for nearly a thousand miles, a journey of weary months, that he might be buried with his kindred, the great folk beyond the sea. The heart of Livingstone was buried where he died, on the banks of Lake Bangwealo, in the heart of that dark continent. His bones rest amid England's honored ones, under the roof of Westminster Abbey, but Livingstone's spirit is still alive and moving on. On his tomb are inscribed the inspiring and inspired words with which he closed his letter to the *New York Herald*, thanking it for the relief sent him in the person of Stanley, and pleading for American help in putting down the wicked slave trade. These are his words: "All I can add in my loneliness is, May heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English or Turk, who will help to heal the open sores of the world." Let no one say "Livingstone died too soon," that "he was not economic to the last degree of the oil that burned in his lamp." Let no one wish for him an easier or a more honorable death. Who can ask for nobler release than that which comes to the heart, while persistent in its quest, bent on its mission, lost in that divine defeat that is so promptly transferred into the inspiration of others? Glorious is the weakness that is convertible "into the cup of strength for other souls," that is the "sweet presence of a good diffused, and in diffusion ever more intense."

I began this sermon on "Disappointments" with a text found in the homely phrase of the peasant poet. Let me close with a lit from a humbler source. It is a rhyme of courage, however simple the construction.

"Never go gloomily, man with a mind!
Hope is a better companion than fear,
Providence, ever benignant and kind,
Gives with a smile what you take with a tear;

All will be right,
Look to the light,—

Morning is ever the daughter of night,
All that was black will be all that is bright;
Cheerily, cheerily then! cheer up!

Many a foe is a friend in disguise,
Many a sorrow a blessing most true,
Helping the heart to be happy and wise,
With love ever precious and joys ever new.

Stand in the van!
Strive like a man!

This is the bravest and cleverest plan,
Trusting in God, while you do what you can;
Cheerily, cheerily then! cheer up!"

Notes from the Field.

Menominee, Wis.—The formal opening of the Mable Tainter Memorial Building, at Menominee, Wis., will occur Thursday evening, July 3. There will be a brief address by H. D. Maxson, in behalf of Capt. and Mrs. Andrew Tainter, the donors of the building, and a response by S. W. Hunt, Esq., in behalf of the corporation to which the property has been conveyed. The principal address of the evening will be given by Rev. J. H. Crooker of Madison on "The Task of the Modern Church."

—Friday morning, July 4, the summer session of the Wisconsin Conference of Unitarian and other Independent Societies will be opened with some preliminary business, and a discussion of "The Relations of State, Church, and School." Rev. C. F. Elliott, of Janesville, will speak of "Church and State," Rev. T. J. Valentine, of Duluth, Minn., of "Church and School," and Rev. A. N. Somers, of Black River Falls, of "State and School." These brief addresses will be followed by a general discussion, in which a large number are expected to participate. There will also be brief speeches in memory of Prof. W. F. Allen, by H. M. Lewis Esq., of Madison, J. H. Crooker, and H. D. Maxson. Friday evening, Rev. T. B. Forbush, of Chicago, will preach on "The Next Step of Civilization." Saturday morning there will be a business session, a paper on "Our Missionary Opportunity," by Mr. Forbush, and a further discussion of the subject by Rev. J. R. Effinger, of Chicago, Rev. Mila F. Tupper, of La Porte, Ind., and others. In the evening, Rev. C. F. Elliott will preach. Sunday morning, there will be a sermon by Rev. S. W. Sample, pastor of All Souls Church of Minneapolis, on "The Seamless Robe," and in the evening the closing sermon by Rev. J. L. Jones, of Chi-

cago. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend these meetings. Friends from out of town, who wish to accept the hospitality of the members of the Menominee Society, are requested to send their names and the time of their arrival to Mrs. M. S. Messenger. Those arriving on the day trains, if not met at the depot, will please go directly to the Memorial Building.

Los Angeles Cal.—The Rev. Eli Fay, D. D. who for six years has been pastor of the Church of the Unity, has just tendered his resignation. On the 8th day of June his resignation was reluctantly accepted in the following letter from the trustees.

The Rev. Eli Fay, Minister of the Church of the Unity of Los Angeles, Cal.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR—Your letter of May 26th, offering your resignation as minister and preacher of the Church of the Unity has been received and has engaged our earnest and serious thoughts. The sentiments which you express, whether relating to your own personal experience, or to your office and work as minister of the church, or to the emotions which arise in your breast, as you put off the armor which you have worn so well in different fields for more than forty years, move our hearts with sincere feeling of grateful and reverent respect.

We owe to you, under God, the existence of our church. Your teachings awakened our interest, challenged our intellectual and moral respect and cherished our religious life. Your unselfish devotion not only declined to receive even our daily bread from our hands but you encouraged us by your own munificence to go forward and lay the foundations and rear the walls of our house of God. That house and the congregation there are the memorials of your fidelity to truth, to man, and to God. Your name will ever be revered there and handed down by us to those who shall come after.

Your words of friendship, so firm, yet touched with tender pathos and strong submission, leave us no alternative.

While therefore, we accept your resignation as the "natural and inevitable," * * * "reverently and trustfully," and give you freedom from every obligation of duty, feeling that obligation is ever on us toward you, we are unwilling that your name or presence should be altogether withdrawn from us.

We ask you therefore, to allow us to retain and express the sentiments which we feel, by electing you Minister and Preacher, Emeritus, of the Church of the Unity.

A copy of a resolution of even date, passed by the church, is herewith transmitted.

And now, reverend and dear sir, receive our ever grateful benedictions.

Yours faithfully,
Thos. G. Barnard, Newell Matthews, Niles Pease, S. B. Caswell, Mrs. Caroline M. Severance, Mrs. C. A. Whitney, Mrs. A. C. Fish, Andrew F. Mackey, Richard Heimann, Trustees of the Church of the Unity.

Chicago.—Announcement No. 5, June 14th, comes to us from All Souls Church. Summer arrangements for the pulpit have already been definitely arranged. Five men and four women, with their several topics, are announced for the nine Sundays of June and July, as follows: July 6, Prof. E. S. Bastin, Science as a Moral Force; July 13, Julia P. Low, M. D., Tenement Houses; July 20, Dr. Rachel Hickey, The Unfortunate, How to understand and help them; July 27, Mrs. Fanny Barrier Williams, Prudence Crandall Philleo; Aug. 3, Arthur Randall, The Thought of God; Aug. 10, Wallace Rice, The Old Testament in the Light of Modern Criticism; Aug. 17, J. M. Ware, Heroism; Aug. 24, Prof. Wm. S. Mack, The Making of Men; Aug. 31, Miss Eva S. Walker, The Inspiration of the School Teacher. The courses of study for Confirmation class and Unity club are outlined, and members are urged to shape their summer reading accordingly. Even the Unity club work for the season of '91-'92 is anticipated, and members are urged to "begin now to collect materials and to study for it." The pastor of All Souls goes to Hillside, Wis., for the summer, to be in his pulpit the first Sunday in September.

We received a flying visit from our friend Edwin D. Mead the other day, returning from St. Louis, where he gave the Commencement address before the Mary Institute. Mr. Mead is always a welcome guest in Chicago, where he has many friends who will regret that his stay among us was not longer.

The Woman's Western Unitarian Conference.—A meeting of the Board was called to consider the request from the Chicago Unitarian Association, disbanded, that it suggest some plan of organization to take its place. Mrs. Woolley presided. It was voted that we form a Chicago branch of the Conference. Voted: That this association have four meetings, with lunch and literary exercises, to alternate with those of the Unitarian club. Voted: That notice be sent through UNITY and otherwise, of this action, and that women be invited to join, sending membership fees to the secretary, and their choice of officers. Voted: That the nominations of this Board are Mrs. West, President; Mrs. Ware, Mrs. Wilkinson, Vice Presidents; Miss Dupee, Secretary; Miss Hilton, Treasurer. Voted: That a committee of three be appointed to draw up and publish a programme as soon as possible. Mrs. Woolley, Jones and Boyesen, the committee appointed. Voted: That the resignations of Mrs. Hailman and Wilkinson be accepted, and Mrs. Ida Temple and Mrs. A. D. Butler be elected their successors. The meeting adjourned.

Sheffield, Ill.—From mail pouch stolen at Wyanet Junction, Ill., night of May 28, and recovered by P. O. Inspectors, June 16, a letter comes to these headquarters via P. O. Department, Washington, D. C., giving such interesting bits of news from Sheffield, as the following. "Our Unity Club has just completed the first year of its life, and as we look back upon it we are well pleased. Our Literary and Social Sections were carried out according to the printed programme. The Dramatic Section completed its work with but one change. For next year we have set aside the musical section in favor of a study

section, in which it is proposed to do some earnest and thoroughgoing intellectual work. A new board of officers has been elected, two of whom, the Vice President and Secretary, are members of the Congregational Church, and everything points to a growing interest and renewed effort next year towards a broader culture, upon the non-sectarian basis of the club. The pastor, L. J. Duncan, is wrestling still with the problem (if he has not already solved it) of a plan of work for next season.

Denver, Col.—Several interesting lectures have been lately given in Unity Church. Dr. Carl Lumholtz described his experiences among the Australian Cannibals, and Prof. Felix Adler lectured on the meaning of Ethical Culture, under the auspices of the Associated Charities. Prof. Adler also occupied the pulpit on Sunday, June 8th, speaking to a large congregation on the training of the will. Sunday, June 1st, was Flower Sunday. The church was beautifully decorated, and the day was made memorable by the presence and addresses of Dr. Bartol and Rev. H. G. Spaulding. Mr. Spaulding also gave much valuable advice to the Sunday school teachers. On Sunday, June 15th, new members were received. Forty-five have united with the church since January 1st. Mr. Eliot has now gone east for a two months' vacation. The pulpit will be supplied until the summer closing by Miss G. E. Watson and Rev. Enoch Powell. The State Conference of Charities holds its first annual session in Unity Church, on Tuesday, June 17th.

LaPorte, Ind.—We find in the LaPorte *Herald* full report of sermon by Rev. Mila F. Tupper on "Scientific Reasons for Belief in God," showing earnest and mature thought upon the subject. We extract the following passage:

"When we come to trust the meaning and truth of our own spiritual instincts we will find a new world of facts to enlarge our theories for. The deepest problems must be solved by enlarging the breadth and depth of our natures. True knowledge of God must come to us by our living and not by our theorizing; we must find him along the lines of being rather than of thinking. This is not mysticism, but the application of the scientific method, which bases all theory upon the results of experiment. Religious philosophy needs more of religious life. We have the testimony of the earnest lives throughout the ages that the pure in heart have seen God; but in their realm each must try anew the 'great experiment' and find for himself the rich consciousness of that Life of Lives which pulses in his own."

Des Moines, Iowa.—Rev. Ida C. Hultin, of Des Moines, who has been working to the limit of her physical strength for some months past, has at last yielded to the advice of her physician, and will take a year's rest from active pulpit work.

At a meeting of the First Unitarian church of Des Moines, Iowa, held at the church edifice on Sunday, the 25th day of May, A. D. 1890, the following resolution was, upon the motion of Hon. Chas. A. Bishop, adopted.

Resolved: That with profound regret at the continued impairment of the health of the Rev. Ida C. Hultin, the pastor of this church, and the necessity it imposes upon her of seeking rest and recuperation, this church hereby grants its said pastor a leave of absence for such length of time as shall be necessary in her judgment for her entire restoration to health; with the hope that such restoration may not long be delayed, wishing her to take with her the assurance that her return will be gladly welcomed to the church, and to a continuance of the work in which she has been so successful.

Baltimore, Md.—Under the direction of the pastor of the Unitarian Church of Baltimore, a good work is being done for the boys from the street. "The Boy's Guild," inaugurated three years ago, is winning golden opinions from outsiders. The Guild meets in the basement of the church. The boys are instructed in clay modeling, in charcoal work, in shading, in free-hand drawing, in brass work and in printing. It is proposed soon to introduce a department of wood-work. In order to cultivate a spirit of independence among the boys, Dr. Weld resolved to eliminate entirely the idea of charity from the institution, and each boy pays a fee of five cents, and walks about as happy and independent as a lord. The Guild is controlled by a board of stockholders, each stockholder making a deposit of twenty-five cents per month.

Salem, Oregon.—The Unitarian Society has been fortunate in securing the services of Rev. H. H. Brown. On May 4th, Mr. Brown preached his first sermon as pastor of the church. The Salem *Journal* devotes a column to this first service, giving most of the sermon, which was an able exposition of the idea of evolution, through law, to perfection; and which pictured with much skill, man's restless struggle to overcome discontent. We learn later that "Unitarian Hall" has been put in fine order, that the congregation is increasing, and that the members of the society look forward hopefully to these coming months, under the ministrations of Mr. Brown.

Correction.—The second resolution passed by the Unitarian Society of Sheffield, Ill., June 1, in memory of Judson Fisher, and printed in UNITY June 12, should have read as follows: **Resolved:** That to the loyal wife and faithful sons, who made life so precious to him, we extend our heartfelt and tearful sympathy, believing that the dear Father will sustain, comfort and soothe them in their great loneliness.

Married.—On Thursday, June 11, at 1 P. M., in the Universalist church, Monroe, Wisconsin, Herman Haugerud and Marie Iversen,

Rev. Leslie W. Sprague, the pastor, officiating. A large company assembled to witness the ceremony and extend congratulations to the young people. Mr. Haugerud has just graduated from the Meadville Theological School, and goes to Albany, Wis., to fill an engagement for one month's preaching. May the new ties which he has just formed be a blessing and an inspiration to him in the arduous work upon which he now enters.

Boston.—Rev. Phillips Brooks purposes to remain in the city all summer, and to preach weekly in his church. June 15th, the Church of the Unity, Rev. M. J. Savage, will close, to allow the minister a much-needed long vacation.

—Union services are arranged in several churches. —Flower Sunday, Children's Sunday and Christening Sunday all in one, came to many societies June 7th. Many beautiful floral decorations were made in churches of the city and suburbs.

Winona, Minn.—We regret to hear of the partial destruction, by fire, of the Unitarian church at Winona. Full particulars have not reached us. We trust, indeed, that the calamity is not so great as at first reported.

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Sun. —God has not one language, but many.
Mon. —Reason is God's, like the rest. Trust it; trust him.
Tues. —Take up thy manhood, said the inward voice, and show what is in thee.
Wed. —Learn the lesson of your own pain.
Thurs. —Faith that is not free is worthless.
Fri. —He only can receive who already hath; there is no profounder axiom.
Sat. —Paradise is here, whenever self is lost in loving.

—From *Robert Elsmere*.

MY LITTLE HERO.

Earth's bravest and truest heroes
 Fight with an unseen foe,
 And win a victory grander
 Than you or I can know.
 We little dream of the conflict
 Fought in each human soul,
 And Earth knows not of her heroes
 Upon God's honor-roll.

One of earth's little heroes
 Right proud am I to know;
 His name for me is Mother,
 My name for him is Joe.
 At thought of a ten-year-old hero
 Perhaps have many smiled;
 But a battlefield's a battlefield;
 In the heart of man or child.

There were plans of mischief brewing,
 I saw, but gave no sign,
 For I wanted to test the mettle
 Of this little knight of mine.
 "Of course you must come and help us,
 For we all depend on Joe,"
 The boys said; and I waited
 For his answer—yes or no.

He stood and thought for a moment.
 I read his heart like a book,
 For the battle that he was fighting
 Was told in his earnest look.
 Then to his waiting playmates
 Outspoke my loyal knight;
 "No, boys; I cannot go with you,
 For I know it wouldn't be right."

How proud was I of my hero,
 As I knelt by his little bed
 And gave him the bedtime kisses,
 And the good-night words were said!
 True to his Lord and manhood
 May he stand in the world's fierce fight,
 And shun each unworthy action,
 Because it "wouldn't be right."
 —E. E. R., in *The Christian Union*.

THE GOLDEN RULE AMONG ANIMALS.

In the interesting bit of natural history, "A Devoted Mother," in *Harper's Young People* issue of November 5th, the reason is asked for the attitude of Mally and Tabbie to Mother Mouse.

I have found, having lived all my life in the country, that animals are very tender and loyal to each other during the season for the rearing of young, and "do as you would be done by" seems to be the prevailing spirit among them.

I have several times seen cats tempted with mother mice with their young clinging to them, and invariably the tidbit was refused. At the same time, if the family were separated, pussy considered them fair game.

Last spring two foxes that had a family in their hole among the rocks on the hill-top back of my orchard, used to come down and race all over the home-lot, the garden, and even the village common, with my dog Sancho, he never offering to snap at them even, but seeming to be very cordially showing them about the premises.

One summer a family of skunks inhabited the clover field that stretched between our house and that of our nearest neighbor. In each house dwelt a dog, and there was a great deal of visiting back and forth; but neither Kriss Kringle, our shepherd dog, nor Pinto, the spotted coach-dog, interfered with the pretty, long-haired, black and white family. Often of a summer twilight, mother skunk and her seven sons and daughters would go out for a walk; they went Indian file; the mother, ahead, would go mincing forward, with her long bushy tail trailing behind her, and one after the other, in regular order, as if imitating their graceful mother in every motion, would mince the seven children. They would go over the stone wall, cross the highway, and disappear in the tall grass of the mowing lot opposite. Possibly they went in state to call upon some relative or neighbor; we never ventured to follow them very closely. One day, however,

my little sister brought in a young skunk, thinking it was a stray kitten. It did not make itself in any way obnoxious, and we were glad of the opportunity to examine the beautiful, soft, silky little creature. It has given us an increased respect for the whole despised family—naturally despised, because the method of defence with which nature has provided it is so offensive.

One day in midwinter, after a heavy snowfall, we had been feeding a large flock of wild birds at our shed door; the snow-birds came for crumbs every day, but that time they were blue-jays and two or three varieties of woodpeckers as well. In a little while we saw a small, black object moving across the unbroken surface of the fresh, pure snow, coming directly toward the house. When it came out into the shovelled path, we discovered it to be a skunk. It came to the door, finished eating the food that had been left by the birds, and went away by the path it had made in coming, we watching it a full quarter of a mile. Here, again, the golden rule exhibited itself, for neither the dog nor cat, which watched the half-starved, half-frozen, weary creature from the window, showed the least inclination to molest it, and the visitor behaved with all possible propriety. We wonder to this day if the birds told their furry neighbor where to go for supplies.

One winter we often put nuts and apple cores for the squirrels in the hollow of an ancient apple-tree standing in our front door-yard, and soon the old tree, with its dead, gnarled limbs and rotten knot-holes, became their favorite abiding-place. As spring drew on, we fancied some unusual preparations were going on, there was so much carrying in at knot-holes, and one sunny day we were delighted to see a whole family of the tiniest squirrels taken out for an airing. From that time until they were full grown they raced over the old tree by the hour like kittens; but Priscilla, the house cat, although she was a great hunter, never offered to molest them. When they went out into the world to seek their own fortunes, however, I fancy more than one of them fell a prey to her vigilance.

An old gentleman, wise in woodcraft, who is my neighbor, says that this golden rule is a beautiful provision of nature for the preservation of the species, for if animals preyed upon each other when they are young and helpless none would live to grow up.—*Harper's Young People*.

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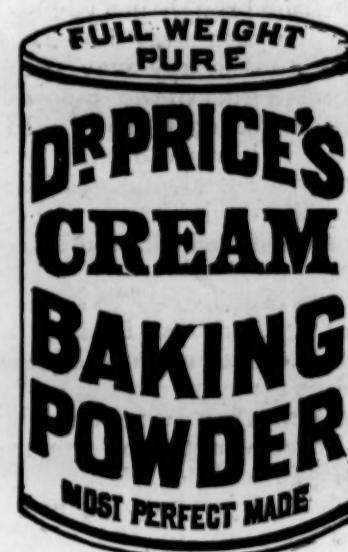
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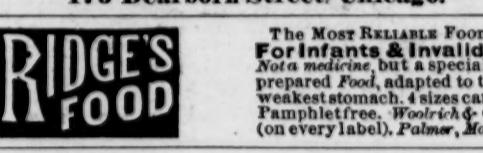
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